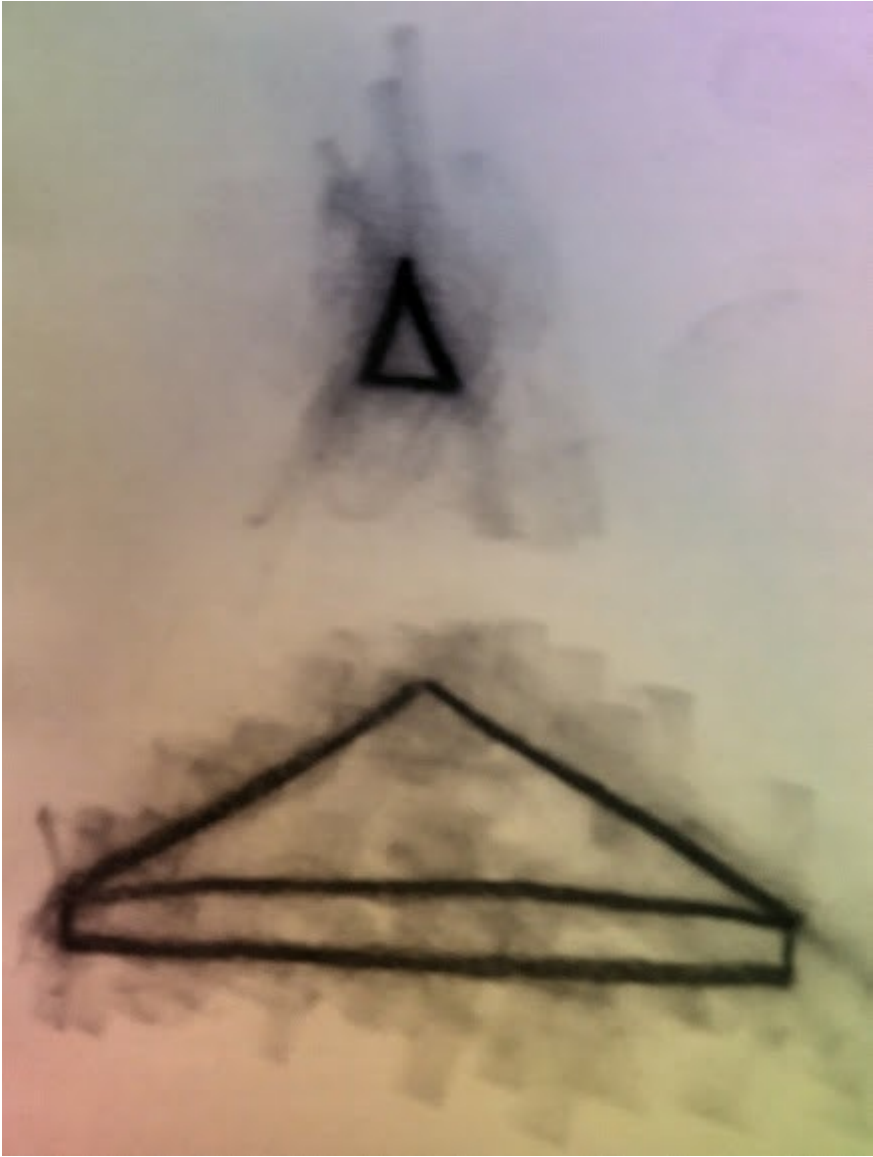


The
writing is
on the
wall

Ajahn Kalyāno

*‘marked in charcoal
by the itinerant soul’*



the old monks simply forgot
and learning just this
sadness within hooded cloister
scrolled with respect

red ribbon thought
once illuminated
locked the library
and the heart was itself
and by itself
illuminated
in place of thought
here in the silence
before everything
here in the pastel, echoed garden
where knowing is itself known
by eyes so very gently downcast



the sun is shining
the snow is melting
pushing its way slowly
through the dust at the roadside

the breeze is cold from the West
not beyond the grip of winter
the winter heart is still and cool
a little sombre
just a little
and would be happy to remain so

yet earth and water mingling
over endless hours
brings birth between light and earth
of plants and flowers
truth of symmetry and grace
reaching out into space

they are gathered in turn
by the carrier bag beasts...
vaguely tingling
bags within bags
gathering warmth
in gentle fermentation
gaining the eye that draws together
a different light and earth
the light of the mind
and the earth of the body
for the sake of truth more stable
to be offered at the Lord's table
patterns of space that die not with the dying
nor that are born with the dead returning
hear them gently sighing
the Lord's voice echoes forever
held by the stillness of knowing
where truth is colour without light
and shape without substance
within the bright mind



further within than the kingdom of dreams
the dead land lost between reason and sense
the 'why' stolen by the sleepy eye
the 'why' that craves birth
in the solid earth
beyond its reach
the failing mind that we must teach...

"we think our words may possess the world
yet the truth of the world belongs to the world

we must find our own truth
a truth that frees and is free
in the mind that reaches not through the eye
to touch and be touched
but opens from the heart
as we awake
for heaven's sake

there is life within
further within
eternal life
to be found
in eternal truth
unbound

in the mind beyond birth
that would defeat the earth"

listening to light
no distance appears to passive sight
receiving
here at the eye
here at the body
standing

truth from the sky-wires
of the open mind
echoes from heaven
back to the heart

a glitter of seas
a tremble of leaves
a flight of birds
a stumble of words



and for the body, carried along
impatience is the heaviness of life -
yet hinging on knees and elbows
swivelled on hips
weight that falls, relaxed, clutches not at the mind
but merely waits, patiently to be
placed



and thus the body may be delivered
and deliver the truth
the ultimate anarchy
of graffiti from heaven..

marked in charcoal
by the itinerant soul
daubed in a dash
in chalky white ash
by sorcerers' fingers
scribbled in lipstick
by runaway stockings

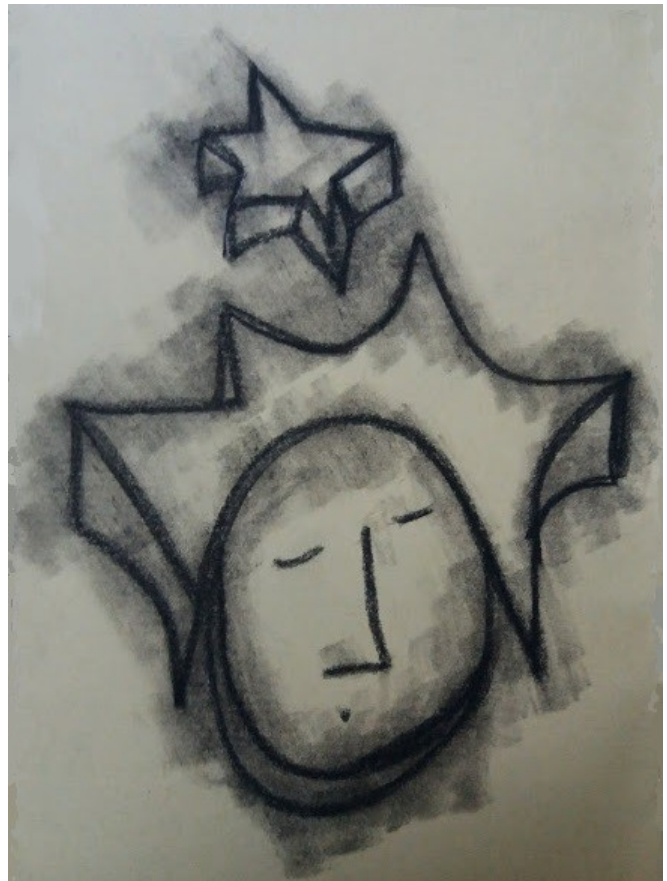
the writing is on the wall

why?
when love already knows it all

because there is a wall
inside us all
an animal wall
of dreads and curses
hidden under the sheets
by scrupulous inner nurses
of tricks and treats
chasing us along the busy streets
until we collapse in the sofa of consoling verses

and the animal body
is thus filtered out of our mind
like a Sunday turd
how absurd!
when, in truth, it only amounts
to a single word

oh, body
the wall
must fall



there is truth and true love
beyond the wall
and, meanwhile
love underneath it all

love that always knew
and will forever know
only the animal dies

and the body of mud and blood
is squeezed
and squeezed out

the wanton fist of focus
helpless
rests open

and revealed in white
the gush of a timeless horizon

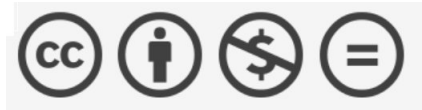


Sincerely,

Aj. K



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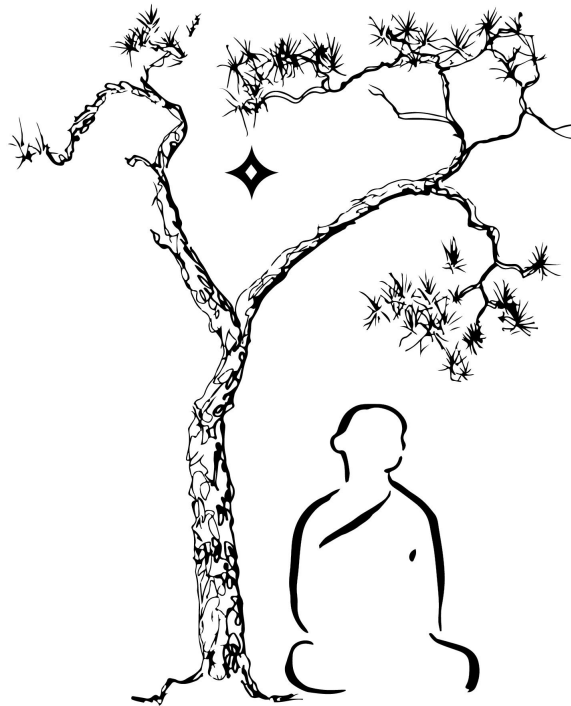
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